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BERN PORTER

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I've Left

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a manifesto and a testament of SCIence and -ART (SCIART)

by Bern Porter

1971

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Manufactured in the United States of America

Introduction to Bern Porter's

I've Left

by Dick Higgins

Down Maine they don't talk much, according to the old saw with no more and no less teeth in it than most other simplifications. Maine is a middling sized state with middle sized mountains and ridges that turn up every time you round a corner, and with narrow roads that make for isolated communities and slow communications even in the summer. Colorado, for instance, is many times the size of Maine, but you can drive all the way across it faster than you can get from Presque Isle to Kennebunkport. Even historically, in spite of their relative proximity to the Atlantic communications system, the whites colonized Colorado long before inland Maine was settled. In fact some counties still have the same population density as parts of the Sahara Desert. Frontiers

Without being regional in the slightest, Bern Porter is Maine. Hard to get into—logistically very very difficult. Typically the subject matter in his work is minimal, but the formal experiments and structures are the contribution. It's as if he didn't offer to give a visitor a slice of bread, but simply handed one out and assumed the visitor wanted it. Except, of course, that it isn't bread that's being offered, but something far less standard—works that have unique functions and forms, that resemble nothing in our experience except occasionally a few things by Diter Rot—the only influence of any kind on Porter that I've been able to detect, of which more later. One feels like a Chaucerian scholar whose relationship to automobiles is to be driven in them from time to time but who is suddenly handed a carburetor.

Porter hails from Porter Settlement, a potato and lumber town in the North of Maine, poor and isolated even today, almost archetypally a mill town in its pollution. Even then the beautiful St. John River which divides the USA from Canada, Maine from New Brunswick, showed the seamy side of technology. Naturally Porter became

a scientist. In high school they called him "Bug" and the school annual has a picture of him in the band, holding his clarinet. He went on to Colby College, graduating in 1932. Lived, among other places, in New Jersey and the San Francisco Bay Area. Biographical information is scarce and only obliquely relevant for this period. During the 1930's he became radicalized, like so many of his generation, and also involved with the surrealists (towards the end of the decade). Work of the early 40's appeared in *View* magazine, the most important of the surrealist publications of the time. At the same time his science activities were intensifying. And he began to publish the work of others with whom he was associated, most conspicuously Henry Miller.

In those days Miller was known for his supposed pornography, and was not taken very seriously if taken at all. Porter was at that time working on the atomic bomb. In 1944, he published Miller's anti-war tract, *Murder the Murderer,* which did not endear him to the United States government. Shortly after that,—in spite of the general popularity of the war effort (difficult for us, in the aftermath of Korea, Lebanon, Vietnam and Cambodia to imagine),—Porter quit, an act of incredible courage. He was not about to contribute to the extermination of the civilians of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This was done in typical Porter style—no fanfare, no news releases: just the action, to speak for itself. Like his works.

At that time Porter's other struggles began. He ran an art gallery for a time in Sausalito, California, where he had many fine photographic and graphic shows. Did lecturing on the arts and on physics too. He was a one-man art and technology movement, long before "Tech Art" was the cliché it is today. In the early fifties there was a brief hiatus in his work, while he lived in the Marianas and worked only on the local military magazine. But by the mid-1950's he was hard at it again, travelling and living here and there, from Nevada to Australia to his native Maine. Intermittently he worked for the United States government on this or that aspect of the space program. They didn't trust him but they couldn't do without him—his struggles to get security clearance and some measure of financial stability were matched only by the official Science Czars' attempts to figure out what to do with

such a brilliantly inventive but uncrackable Maine hickory nut (from their point of view). And all the while, Porter kept doing, doing. The years in Waldwick, New Jersey and Hunstville, Alabama in the 1960's were particularly productive. As he always has, though, Porter (Anteas-like) returned in the late 1960's to his home state to touch his feet on his home soil, where questions are answers and one answers inquiries with questions in order not to insult the asker by implying that he doesn't really know the answer all along, deep inside. At the moment, there he lives, in Rockland, Maine, under trying conditions and in a tiny upstairs apartment. As usual the powers that be needed him. They gave him a project to do, and he did it unbelievably brilliantly: a planning and design project. They needed something to be referred to, as an inventory of what was located in Knox County, and as a means of getting money from their state legislature to pass among this and that person or "committee." Instead, Porter produced a brilliant social design that inventoried what was there (but not how to get more tax money from it), then predicated both what would happen if nothing was done (disaster) and some of the things that might be done. He meant his report to be acted upon. Naturally the Knox County syndicates were embarrassed and refused to release the report except among themselves. Though many copies were printed, few were circulated, and the report is among the scarcest of Porter's always scarce items.

Now Porter is home, for a bit, in Maine. But Rockland is on the sea, and one sits with him on a pier and eats a lobster oneself—he won't ("conspicuous consumption," waste) though Rockland is the Lobster Capitol of America—and he keeps saying, he wonders what it's like in Portugal, over there, he has an idea about music (will he suddenly turn composer too?), if his health and that of his wife Margaret will permit, he'd like to go to the Azores. And he talks about all the books he's published—when he has money, that's what he does,—by others even more than himself. And what to do with them. And what to do with anything anyway. And one remembers Margaret Porter's remark, when she borrowed a child's copy of W. H. "Green Mansions" Hudson's *A Little Boy Lost*—about a little boy who couldn't help travelling, who almost died getting to distant mountains where

he found a sort of Eden, who left that too to get to a still more distant ocean, (and meaning his work, not just his life)—"It's about Bern."

So much for biography. A few little things, then on to the work itself. First, virtually nothing is in print, since most of it has been privately published. The same was true of Charles Ives for many years—with whom, apart from Yankee origin, Porter has many parallels (they are both research artists for one thing). Secondly, *about* Bern Porter there are only two significant sources. One is James Schevill's book, *The Roaring Market and the Silent Tomb* (1957), a rhapsodic and rather cryptic adulation of Porter. You'd have to know him personally to know what it was about. The other is the very useful if small *Colby Library Journal* for June, 1970, "A Salute to Bernard Harden Porter." It has a vast wealth and bibliography of Porter information and opinion. This can be ordered from COLBY COLLEGE PRESS, Waterville, Maine 04901. Third, the master collection of orginals and unpublished items is at the Special Collections Department (Brooke Whiting is the curator), at the UCLA Library in Los Angeles. At the time of this writing, most of Porter's work is there, and unless economic subsidies become more available than at present, the library will have to assume that these works will remain there unpublished, and to assume a curatorial, museum role. Below, in mentioning Porter's works, I have placed an asterisk (*) beside the first mention of each work where it has never been published. Fourth, I am not going to take up here the works of others that Bern Porter has published, which define over the years his role and attitude, as well as being one of the major statements of what can be done, simply by their existence. That would require another kind of documentation. I want to deal here only with the description of the work of which *I've Left* is the spin-off.

The earliest work which Porter has seen fit to preserve dates from the mid-1930's. However, with Porter the live part of the work, any work, comes from the conception, not the execution. Asked about that once, he just laughed and laughed and laughed, which is something he seldom does. Did it appeal to his revolutionary instincts (to which he seldom gives vent)? We'll never know. And that guy ain't telling, even though he was born on Valentine's Day (1911).

Two of his pieces, *Found Poems* and *Waste Maker* (1926–61)*

he dates from very early. Both are accumulations of visual or literary "objects trouvés" and the early ones are very literal. So although he didn't actually "find" the poems till later, the initial dates of his sources are a way of acknowledging the originators of them.

In neither series is there any particular 1930's bias. No explicit political orientation. No surrealistic attraction towards the lurid. In this respect—and generally, aesthetically, Porter seems very close to his almost-exact contemporary, John Cage (their mutual objectivism structurally, while including whatever their subjective eye happens [objectively] to fall upon is another similarity). Porter's work, like Cage's, seems to be both a product of but also somehow outside and transcendent to its time.

Very little of the late 1930's work even survives. One would like to know more about it. The *Colby Library Quarterly* bio refers to Porter's late 30's period as being when he met Dali, Ernst, etc., got involved with surrealism and began to do photography. As such, there's virtually none of this at the UCLA. Only references to the *Metamorphic Rhizome* (before 1937?), a "natural sculpture," presumably something in the found work vein. Again, in the early 1940's, Porter's main field seems to have been photography. Apart from his publishing and various surrealist work, of course. Very little has survived. Only reproductions in *View* and in *Circle,* a magazine Porter edited with George Leite in the 1944–46 period, and which was important not only for its reference to Porter, but for its inclusion of such major figures as Henry Miller, Philip Lamantia, William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Rexroth, Anais Nin, Dane Rudhyar, Max Jacob, Paul Radin, James Laughlin and Wallace Fowlie. *Circle* never printed any of Porter's best work though.

The 40's seems to have been Porter's watershed spiritually, and the time of greatest activity, but less haunting than the periods immediately before or after. Of the photos that have survived, the *Schillerhaus Photos* (1947–50) are the most exciting, but they don't recapitulate themselves in one's mind the way Porter's best found poems do.

From this 1940's period there also date various planning, design and architectural projects, such as the 1947–50 *Design for a Church of*

Light. This is the aspect of Porter focus that on the one hand culminates in the Knox County Planning Commission projects of 1969, and on the other hand in his extremely early sponsorship of Paolo Soleri, at the moment in vogue for his "arcology" projects, but actually very seriously involved in the predicament of humanizing architecture and planning on the people level, however visionary any given project might look in plan or in "model."

The 50's saw Porter, after his short silence at the beginning, become a "wordless" writer, for which the Maine background had well suited him. To speak subjectively for a moment, this was the time in which I first became aware of him and was fascinated by the science attitude in his work and statements which predated the whole "EAT" ("Experiments in Art and Technology") establishment of the late 1960's. If Porter's work had been known at the time, the complications that later fouled up EAT's own program and undercut it would have been inconceivable. Anyway, Porter was living in Washington County. I sent him a manuscript (*Legends and Fishnets*) which he elected to publish. To start with the intro, titled "What Are Legends?" I was in printing school at the time, and had no more money than he. So we decided he would write out the type by hand, and do the intro first as a separate book. I asked him for a photo of himself as a frontis. He never sent it, so I drew a picture (and I can't draw) of George Washington to stand for him. I printed the book with his calligraphy and his "found art" illustrations—mostly from biology textbooks—and calligraphy. The visual juxtapositions he made here are particularly striking. For instance, I mentioned the collagist Ray Johnson in my text, and Porter made a metaphor of a schematic line drawing of a a flea labled "Ray." Except for a very brief, passing encounter in 1961 I never met Porter or his wife until 1970—the collaboration was entirely by mail. In spite of which we had another collaboration in 1967: *Die Fabelhafte Geträume von Taifun-Willi* (*The Fabulous Daydreams of Typhoon Willy*), a radio play I wrote in German—to test my theories about that language,—a sort of Walter Mitty piece describing a Happening so elaborate that it could never be performed live, each episode of which was a Marxist and metaphorical exemplum intended to show the continuity between the American and European radical-

isms rather than the discontinuity, which was usually emphasized in the late 60's. Porter designed the production (finally published by *Abyss Publications*, P. O. Box C, Somerville, Mass. 02143) and provided a number of illustrations with situations and environments and a very-blank-indeed Willy. Quite apart from their humor—their most striking characteristic and one of Porter's as well,—the imagery here (and in most of his work is what I've elsewhere called "blank imagery." If I say "Come rosa in su la spina presto vein e presto va . . ." I am using the rose as a very specific object, whose meaning is tied down by its function. If I say "A rose is a rose is a rose," I have really taken a structure and filled it in with a rose. It didn't have to be a rose: it could have been a cat. The structure is the point, and the filling in is arbitrary in a sense—hence my term "blank image." A basic common denominator for Porter's work, visual or verbal, is that virtually all his imagery is blank.

Until the late 1950's Porter's work was disconcertingly original. There is simply nothing to which it appears to relate (except for an oblique parallel between Porter's photographs and some of Moholy Nagy's). At that point Porter, in the course of his publishing activity, first encountered the much younger artist/writer Diter Rot. Rot was—and is—a Swiss German or a German Swiss who, in the early 1950's was doing geometrical abstract paintings and winning every award available in Europe for his textile designs. In the middle of the decade, Rot suddenly left his promising career in Europe and moved to Iceland, where he applied his visual experience to the book format and to literature, pioneering in the start of Concrete Poetry on the one hand and producing very precise, nonverbal and cut books on the other.

In recent years Rot has produced large verbal texts—notably the books *Mundunculum, 246 Little Clouds* and *Scheisse,*—has done a vast variety of collages and constructions (often using chocolate as a stock material, and also cheese), has moved back to continental Europe for at least part of the time and is anything *but* isolated. In fact, he's one of the most successful and interesting of "German" artists. However, in the 1950's Porter and Rot came into contact, and the result seems to have electrified them both. To this day the standard book trade reference book, *Literary Market Place,* lists Bern Porter

among the Foreign Publishers' Agents, representing Diter Rot as an Icelandic publisher. Here was a kindred soul. Not only were Rot's images blank—they were often non-existent. The work was what it was and that was that. Even to describe it—as elegant, precise, original, any adjective that might be applicable—was somehow to miss the point. Rot lived in Iceland. In terms of the World of Fashionable Media that was even more remote than Maine or Alabama. Rot wrote with a razor blade or a scalpel: okay. Porter had been doing so too. However, technical influences aside, Porter's work doesn't look like Rot's. Rot's *Bok AC* (1957–63) is black and white, on cards that line up when they are jogged together, large format (about two feet by two feet) and based on a progression of incisions dividing a square. (There exists a more recent version of this book also, published by Norman Ives in New Haven, Connecticut, in which color is used.) Porter's corresponding work is *ALO 110* (1964),* a magnificent and surprisingly lyrical construction made by cutting up a sample book of Interlaken book binders' cloth. The use of color is implicit, since the sample book naturally includes cloths in an arbitrary variety of colors. Again, starting in 1957 Rot produced a series of unique editions—unique in that each copy was different from each other copy—by taking newspapers from whatever country he happened to be in, trimming them down small with a paper cutter and "padding" them for binding—gluing one side to hold the paper in and make a book-like format. Rot's books of this sort are structural and design oriented. Normally the trim size is very small, though Peter Brattinga's Quadrat series, in the Netherlands, did take a sample copy of *d. r. 61,* a typical one of these Rot cut-newspaper editions, and enlarge it and print it by photo offset, with very striking graphic results. Porter, on the other hand, made two books of this sort, *Scandinavian Summer* (1961)* and *Moscow* (1966),* both based on papers acquired in the course of travelling, and definitive (one version intended, as opposed to each copy being unique) even though derived from an arbitrary stack of material. Porter's material is intended to recreate the impact of the travels in the mind of the viewer: it is less a purse design than Rot's.

This is not the time or the place to go into the details per se of Porter's work, other than to provide a very rough introduction. Sooner

or later means will be found of reproducing as art multiples and making available some of the classics in the UCLA collection, such as *ALO 110* or the various works in which an arbitrary object (usually a blocked photoengraving) is included inside a very elaborate slip-case collaged out of this or that found material, and which is, in fact, the poem rather than its content. Any damn fool with a modest production budget and access to a cheap printer with an Itek platemaker could issue the *Waste Maker* (1926–61). That's sure to happen soon with *Found Poems,* which are beginning to appear in excerpt here and there. *Doldrums—a Study in Surrealism* (1941) could easily be reissued, to show the early Porter, with its texts, gidgets, doodles and odd timing. Given the present interest in tech art, *468B: thy future* (1966),* a cut up of computer print-out data, should appeal to somebody to publish. *Day Notes for Mother* (1964)* and *scda 19 by bp* (1969),* made respectively of xeroxes of mechanical drawings and of cut up paper and printing samples, are both suitable for a graphic series. Only a few pieces are really autograph originals and not-reproducible, in the sense that a painting is not reproducible. This would include such works as *The Box* (1969) and—a major work—*Artifacts* (1969), an accumulation from Porter's Alabama sojourn, with coins, Wallace gubernatorial campaign buttons, etc. One might reproduce these things, but they would always be reproductions, they could never be existentially the real objects.

So that's sort of what's there. It's a very major and unique corpus of work. I've mentioned most, though not all, of the landmarks along the way—enough to start a traveller and help keep him from getting lost. I haven't detailed the publishing—a work of art in its own right. That's been documented in the *Colby Library Quarterly.* Suffice it to say that, for instance, Porter issued some of and did mechanicals for all of a series of 52 as a series of *Broadsides.* There are 52 weeks in a year. Can't somebody make a calender?

But I haven't mentioned yet the criticism. This consists of some really beautiful texts, like *What Henry Miller Said and Why It Is Important* (1965), which doesn't convince me to like Henry Miller—nothing could, it isn't my temperament, it seems so curiously aristocratic, alienated and hung-up,—but Porter's is about the healthiest

and most realistic statement about sex that I've ever come across. It was published by John G. Moore, a bookseller in Pasadena, California. Looks like a Concrete Poem. No question it's a classic.

All of which brings us to *I've Left,* which is also, I suppose, criticism of a sort—if criticism includes life. James Schevill, an interesting poet and, over the years, Porter's closest admirer spiritually (his work is of a quite different order), says—in the *Colby Library Quarterly*—that "in 1959, Porter completed the fourth draft of *I've Left,* his most important book . . . This was a year of personal disaster. He was rejected for various jobs for which he had applied . . . was refused verbally as 'a security risk' by a personnel officer after a gruelling investigation . . . contested this bitterly." For a physicist with Porter's specializations, this must indeed have been a disaster, no less so because it was understandable in view of his resignation from the atomic bomb project. Porter departed promptly for Australia,—literally "he left." In fact he didn't stay there long. Didn't like the "anti-culture, anti-academy, anti-literature and anti-American" atmosphere, a description that's hard to believe, Australia being what it is, except that Porter lived there in Tasmania—and published there *Physics for Tomorrow* (1959), his final statement on "Sci Forms," the concept of "Sciart" (science plus art) with its subcategories of "Scicom" (science plus communication) and "Scilit" (science plus literature).

So, having left, he came back. But then he hadn't really left anyway, in that he was still alive, still communicating. The title was somehow ironic, since he also hadn't ever "been there," in the worldly sense. But what he had done with the world of the arts and even with America was to leave it behind.

I'm not about to go into an *explication du texte* on *I've Left.* I've tried to present the context of Porter's works and life to provide a millieu to relate it to. I would even assert that in its own way the only other text it relates to is Thoreau's *Walden* (for instance, why did Thoreau go to Walden anyway?). If no other text of our time speaks for itself, this one does. It doesn't need the footnotes of little men running around and whispering "By the way, when he says *A* he really means *B.*" In fact it was made when Porter wanted to take stock, sum up, look it all over. That's why it went through four drafts, very rare for Porter. To Porter, it's the key to his work.

To others of us, perhaps it isn't. The manifesto at the end on Sciart (surely a much better word than the critics "tech art," at best an echo of "pop art" "op art," "land art," "concept art," etc. etc. etc., verbal liaisons that don't involve marriage or other embarrassing commitments), that manifesto ought to be printed at the back of every science textbook used by any high school in the country, and ought to be silk screened on every window shade in every artist's studio as well. The manifesto is obviously a description of where it's at. The text is something that goes beyond this. Manifestos are good theater. Texts like *I've Left* have to be lived with.

Bern Porter and Diter Rot have never met. Once, when Diter Rot came to Los Angeles, I showed him some of the *Found Poems* of Porter and other things that I had around, pointed out some of the overlaps between their work, and waited for some fireworks. Instead, Rot sat back, smiled, gestured towards my Porter bundle and said, "Ach, but this one is a great one, yes?" To which one might add, as *The North Star,* the magazine of the Houlton (Maine) High School, said of "Bug" Porter—and clearly referring not to class but to achievement—in giving a caption to everyone in the graduating group, "Not in the roll of common men."

His life is a flux of constantly fresh experience and achievement. *I've Left* is a chunk, a more or less static spin-off from this. As such it's less characteristic of the Porter style and experience than most of the other works. But it's a good place to begin.

Newhall, California
November 20th, 1970

I am proposing something to help get out of the stagnation, instead of continuing to bewail it, and the boredom, inertia and stupidity of everything.

ANTONIN ARTAUD

Everything touched by and serving living beings must either be adapted to the fact that the user's life is organic or must corrupt the user by withdrawing his attention from this fact.

EDWARD HYAMS

I FINGER ZERO, readjust my couch in a void that sloth built, the better to do nothing.

Through inaction I act and out of negation I fabricate the debris whose weight litters the plains with the broken backs of cranes and stevedores.

The result is the same as if I did nothing: which I do daily.

Obsolescence revolts me. The alleged modern is a repetition of the ancient decorated in chrome, styled with air-flow and color-engineered to abomination. Tradition-bound, without sense or reason and always beyond complete control, truth and simplicity, the popularly accepted gives wide berth to basic naturalness and inherent possibility.

Thus, communication-wise I junk drum beats, smoke signals, semaphores, flag codes, light flashes, telegraphs, telephones, radios, television sets and all other such systems, devices and developments for my own sensory organs wherein desiring to make known my wishes I merely think them in a frequency universal and in a tongue world known and whomever wishes to hear, receive and understand does so.

The spoken, printed and tele-dramatized word becomes a particle of thought energy.

The drawn, photographed, painted and kinescope-picture becomes more of the same.

All of the devices of locomotion, subterranean, surface and aerial equally reduce.

I am at all places, in all forms, at all times.

What were books became word sequences screen projected, then free-floating vibrations which impinged upon my mind as I desired them.

What was art left museum walls to become gaseous fusions in color similarly projected, then all prevailing rhythms of radiant energy that stimulated my eye whenever I wished them.

What was poetry became equally transformed to responses for feeling.

Architecture became constructions of ether and light.

Clothing a logical extension of skin without embellishment.

Theatre a pageant of masked spectators.

Automobiles, body rockets.

Toys, fondling in the dark.

No civilized thing was left unmodified or unreverted to its natural, logical and true state.

I transformed the world and in so doing I found myself.

I

INCAPABLE OF FABRICATING poems I toyed with their decoration when they needed none, desecrating, remolding until beyond recognition they were born again as new entities.

When their nakedness in published form seemed raw I added end-papers,frontispieces, decorated covers, three-color jackets and hand-drawn illustrations, effecting extravagant costs, accomplishing little.

Printing fine contemporary works, one to a postcard in letters delicate and borders clean and in good typographical taste I exhorted the masses to post them to congressmen, labor leaders and commercial houses or even friends, cautioning my audience verbally the while of the atrocities that glutted the mails daily in the name of friendship, I Hate You and Wish You Were Here.

Who'll buy a poem card? Three for a dime. A hundred yen a dozen.

(None.)

Who'll send a poem card?

(None.)

Who'll buy a book of poem cards? A poem book? A volume of verse? Say a bowl of poems? A couplet or two? A sheaf of poems the better to plug the kitchen sink? Perchance an iambic pentameter, a trochee?

(Only one. And him blind from curiosity, desperate to stop a greasy sink.)

Of game poems, who'll add a title, tuck on a last line, complete the rime and win a sliding door with an optional trip to Burma?

(Twenty-two counting machines set up for the purpose broke down after a total of umpteen contestants was reached.)

THINKING TO EQUAL and perhaps excel this fad I began unobtrusively to print quality poems on the back of common playing cards with a view to educating the ladies' every afternoon bridge playing society, gangsters at ease between jobs and fraternity lads in training for life and so pull the whole ghastly thing out of the mire of commercialism and put it on an aesthetic level.

The ladies complained it was disturbing and distracting to read and think or even to have reading that might induce thinking.

The gangsters complained it fouled their cheating system unless all cards bore the same poem.

The college lads said it was out of their line.

I countered that poets must eat and with enough of them about to fill every card with a different poem at a millionth of a mil per each it was contrary to the economic balance of things to expect a set of cards to have the same poem though I admitted production costs were higher by my method and only printers, distributors, wholesalers and retailers benefited.

By letting commerce have its way I compromised: three poems would do for every twenty million sets of cards, provided they the profit beasts would assist me in introducing an ancient game wherein one hundred cards each bearing a different poem were distributed ten to each of five players facing their opponents similarly supplied. He who could identify a poem by completing each of its lines after an opponent read the first was the winner of that card and so on until one side or the other held them all.

This innovation, however, brought only ghoulish noises and loud rejections. Those expected to be most intrigued by the game complained the current living pace allowed neither time nor the necessity for memory: electronics had made such a farce of memorization.

When I embossed poems in virgin white on the colored squares of checker and chess boards the players said it confused their vision.

When I carved poems on the playing pieces they complained of a feeling clammy to the touch.

When I inscribed poems in color on the white square playing areas they grumbled of eyestrain.

When I engraved them intaglio they said the spurs caused sticking that required unnecessary lifting and placing.

When I printed the words guaranteeing no raised surfaces, no adhesions, they shouted enough.

When I approached the manufacturers of the board they said it was contrary to tradition.

When I visited the manufacturer's bankers they replied it's no margin of ours.

The distributors grunted no markets, the wholesalers barked no calls, the retailers said no buyers, the public yawned who cares.

The poets said no money.

But the commercials boys, the ab lib artists of radio and screen said ah yes, ah yes and yes but no poems. An ad jingle of course, but no culture please for literature is passé, dead.

Wailed the poets no money, no money at all.

SELF-ELECTED TO PROVIDE the word craftsmen with a living, if not a wherewithall, I created poster-poems—words in action, varied in size, color and arrangement to bestir onlookers into reading, with bill-boards to relay the contents and neon lights to re-echo the syllables.

I devised photo-poems employing fusions of words and images, the one to extend the other out into a new area of communication.

I caused poemscopes to exist when I racked words in balanced rule lines, reversed ladders, designs of heraldry, facsimiles of nuclear fission and other phenomena of the age leaving the word and

its meaning lost in a morass of nothings. Poet and public alike ate it up like mad but nobody made any money.

Art-Poems likewise came into being. Drawing-Poems. Chem-Poems. Math-Poems. Any form that existed; those that didn't. Any that could be conjured up were combined with poetry, the two components either annulling or regenerating the other in the process for a new whole. Physics poems or phy-poems, philological poems, blue-print poems, poems in ambergris, vitrol and glue.

I trebled the size of cigar wrappers for no other reason than to issue larger printing areas for contemporary poetry. For the same purpose I enlarged theatre tickets, laundry lists, match covers, gum wrappers, toilet and facial tissues. No wasted spaces, I averred, no areas devoid of magic words was the motto.

Let the poet poetize, inspire him, give him an audience, a free box from which to recite.

No fanciers admitted to the bull fight who cannot produce the latest couplet face wrapped in plastic. Lawyers' fees paid in poems.

A sonnet in receipt for every taxpayer making the deadline. Sweat shops of poets grinding out the words, engineers drafting machines to replace the grammarians, the poets union shouting rape. More pentameters, more trochees.

Deluxe broadsides, poem-decorated obis and aloha shirts, poem signboards galore, men's armbands with the latest cummings, williams, patchen. Poem speckled butterballs, jibbooms and petticoats. Frappé poetique. A poem in your caffeine. Two in the cooler.

As I considered the prospects delirium seized me. I spewed poetry without words, without sounds, without punctuation, without meaning.

Poetry died.

In its place arose dots and dashes in full color, cinescope projected with mail-slot screens; intermittant spurts of chemically-dyed ether, alpha-radiated geiger recordings emanated from my diaphragm with every third vowel crystallized. Textual poetry was at last off the typed ms, off the printed page and jet soaring. Spoken poetry was finally out of the arena of the society-reading cliques, off the grooved waves of the needled disc, out of the magnetic field of recording wires and tapes, and out of range of electronic treat-

ments for audio and visual broadcast. In transit to the point from which it should never have departed I touched poetry with all of these means including re-expression and accompaniment by musical scores, film footages and stage decors with choral, chorographic and instrumental interpretation of both normal and ultra frequency octaves produced by both ancient and still preborn instruments. Coincident with this death and prolonged state of transfusional injections my own brand of flow continued like hanging gardens spouting and cliffs and skyscrapers, like geysers from the floors of banks. Fusillades of streaking arrows fused from the dots and dashes of the new expression. I spread them in waves, sheets and buckets full. I imparted density, opacity, heat, fear, temperature, tenacity and anger. The lights, the dots, the dashes, the equivalents of words became meanings, tones of meaning and the image of meaning. Poetry was at last intrinsically itself full born but umbilically tied to its source spring. Hence blood, groans, shouts, cries, stomach noises were also present. Likewise space, four dimensional. The result was space poetry, mental, audio and visual. Poetry was now in the realm of physics and I termed it *scipoe.*

The moment I draped the poet who imitated me in stiffened suits six times his normal height, adding disposable masks depicting all manner of virtues and meanings I had new theatre which I called *scithe.*

I gave equal attention to essays, novels, dramas, musical comedies and all other literary forms in the great tradition. I reduced them to syllables projected in nine colors up through the floor between the foot rests of every tiled john-room worthy of the name. I installed wave generators in bed sheets that radiated the complete classics in eighty-two dialects including Chamorro into every human frame that slept there between. The poets, the essayists, novelists, dramatists, short-story makers were so busy idea, plot and word fabricating they complained of no time to consider what point, what action, what denouement, what bedroom scene to pitch next. They not only labored daily and worked overtime but they got paid weekly and with time they degenerated into a pack of social-security, income-tax, old-age pension, sales and head

tax payers. Where at first they complained that nothing worse could have befallen them, their first taste of caviar and pheasant under glass spurred them on in spite of the capitalistic drawbacks. Under me anyone who could put two words together for newspaper, magazine, journal, book, screen, stage, radio, television, monoscope, word illustrator got paid and paid handsomely.

Word masters came into their own. Quantity and quality improved. Words substituted for numbers; something like 083-10-2491 became simply "idioblast." 2 plus 2 was not 4 but "four." The alphabet was never so overworked. So that the industry's normal trade balance in letters would not be jeopardized I had it government subsidized by congressional vote to nine points above parity and pushed the surplus over the nearest cliff twice every third year. I paid a bonus for over-production, gave Cadillacs to inventors of new practical words, paid vacations for workable suggestions for improving the output, ranches in the country for the best annual manipulators of the same. New words decorated the inside of cup cake wrappers, composed the new hydro-filling of soap bars, adorned the tops of toilet seats, high altars and hot bugles. Words, words, words.

For every word I had three paying readers.

With every purchase a book.

For every reader a door prize.

For every door prize a reader.

Every bright one a book: dullards, two books. Geniuses get no books at all. Politicians a whole library. Hodsfull, gunsfull of books to labors and gangsters. One each for riders of railways, buses, planes and ships. Your choice with every ticket. Same with seat holders at theatres, cock-fights, prize bouts and games of sport. Send in a coupon, get three books delivered in plain wrappers. One with every dinner course and so on and so on till saturation bursts to make more room for more. The world became a word man's paradise.

With such plenteousness a time for logical useage was at hand. I divided printed word lines into segments corresponding in length to the measured jump of a reading eye. I denoted these stretches

by innumerable methods all requiring a new approach to reading. Sometimes I employed a simple space break regardless of word ending or spacing, sometimes a line of dots parallel with and just above the reading line to indicate the beginning and end of each eye jump; sometimes a hyphen, a dash or a dot between jumps. Every other line was indented one em to facilitate faster reading without loss of place. Key words or phrases of meaning in each such line were done in slightly heavier type than adjoining words making it unnecessary to read every word in every line or even every line. Simply reading of heavier type words per page would reveal the meaning of that page.

With the development of color sensitivity, as I had earlier propounded it to embrace a full range of interpretation and understanding of meaning, it now became possible to print appropriate key colors thus having upwards to seven colors per eye spaced line with heavy and light type as noted. Printed pages became alive, freed of their black and white dullness, their blurred maze of greyness became an experience in color, meaning and understanding.[1] I had thus advanced the reading and printing art immeasurably and much ahead of earlier experiments wherein a given book had seven colors of pages randomly distributed with no two books the same and for the sole purpose of causing the reader to readjust himself physically, emotionally, psychologically when passing from the bottom of a page of regularly-set black type on green paper to the top of a blue one.[2] Kicking readers in their mental teeth was passional with me. Thumbing a book of seven pages, seven colors, seven word color per seven lines was nauseously tedious.

My boredom increased until I tore volumes from library shelves, dipped them one by one in a secret solution which cleared the printed words cleanly from every page. These words floated freely atop the bluish liquid forming a darksome sludge which I skimmed off with a wooden ladle. With an insoluble, erasable ink I daubed each newly pristine page of every treated volume "You Too."

1. See *Art Techniques*. Berkeley: The Gillick Press, 1947, for specimen page arrangements in black and white.
2. See *The Happy Rock: A Book About Henry Miller*. Berkeley: Packard Press, 1945.

On another tangential activity I beat up a thousand trees into pulp which I flattened into reams of sheets which I bound up immediately without allowing the printers to alter them more than by the simple insertion of a page number at the center bottom of each. Across the stems I burned the title: MY BOOK BY ME; these words I repeated in the half-title space and in the title page I left a neat underlined line space for every author owner to sign his own name in his own hand for all posterity to know who ME was in every instance. In a specially prepared forty word introduction reprinted in twenty-two tongues I exhorted all MEs to find their own salvation without aid of clergy or thin nickle on anybody's drum by writing their own book, to reveal all in the blank pages to follow.

If any one needed words for the purpose I advised him to cut them out singly or letter by letter from almanacs, congressional speeches and shoe polish ads.

If punctuation was needed I advised all and sundry to skip it, or simply call in crows from open fields.

If he needed thoughts to put into words I advised him to turn to the supplementary all-inclusive index I provided gratis at the back of each volume:

Page 19 . . . pugs, Panjabi, right whale.

Page 31 . . . bed orders of the Sistine apes, lyrated, Curie's Law.

Page 106 . . . remedy abuses, Shiism, Bedloe or Liberty, Wastefulness, preternatural stances, hydrophone conversations, et al.

For page 1106: et cetera.

For poets: Shakespeare's personal rimer (unpublished).

For essayists: whole paragraphs from just anywhere in any form.

For straight prose raconteurs: whole sections out of Henry Miller.

For any and all, no matter what ilk, taste, background, or want: their heart's desire. None could ever say he couldn't do it. Self Confidence, Faith-and-Up-and-At'm came in capsules with every index. One before meals.

For the pure in heart, the lowly meek, the truly great possessors of all the earth, those truly great, I presented the complete project in memoriam of myself, the entire scheme. For it was at this point that I made what my contemporaries termed radical departures. Having gone the gauntlet from superfluous words to none, to words in printed colors and hence to blank sheets of paper I was at last freed of all impediments and inhibitions. I then arranged the words from left to right, from bottom to top, from straight lines to spirals, circles and triangles with bindings on first two edges then to fortunate unopenable four edges and with that I tossed discretion and the works to the winds.

From that date forward the words, sometimes letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph as suited my whim oozed out of the woodwork and spread themselves before my eyes. They seeped out through the faucet onto the dinner plates, they dropped onto the floor in order when I turned the light switch, they lined up like soldiers on parade and marched methodically across the screen in any room I chose to flick a flicker. If first I passed them through an alphabet mixer, a pronouncing gazetteer and a language disseminator, in that order, all tongues, all literatures might come out a simple universal dialect. The doing was simpler than the accomplishment and many days of intense research were required before I had in truth effected this most desirable of feats. Once having the clue to the schematics of all languages I was then free to discard all of them and introduce my own: this I did and so understood myself better from then on.

As for others, the you all of civilization, numerous gadgets, suggestions and systems were devised on all sides to solve the problem with varying degrees of success until it became clear to the more astute, as I had already found for myself, that men were equipped at birth with sending and receiving systems which would exceed in achievement any other combination, mechanical or electronic. Neither space of any dimension, nor time of any date, impeded simple thought generation and emission in the mind of one for the similar thought stimulation and receipt by another. While this potential had been known and demonstrated in limited degrees for

many years it was not until I had employed every conceivable means of exhortation to the masses to look to themselves, to develop themselves, to in truth project themselves from one moment to the next with the aid of their five faculties, in contrast to the accepted method of living a half death of rarely or only partially used senses. Research of many years with many age groups, professions and nationalities had demonstrated to me that less than two percent of the average person's total mental system was ever utilized at any one time and that with the alleged advances of the mechanical culture the opportunities for using this meager portion were indeed scarce in an average day. As significant as the creation of communication devices were and the greatest of their contribution to man's then way of life, the results to be obtained from the simple use of the even greater systems already existing, but dormant in man, exceeded all possible imagination. Before it, all of man's contributions of his exterior environment not only paled but became worthless and unusable and unnecessary. Even the most extreme and most fantastic of all of my own contrivances and visualizations of those to come, and these were indeed multitudinous, varied and all embracing to many fields of activity, were unable to fulfill all the facets that I could more automatically, more completely and more satisfactorily accomplish by the simple use of the senses my body already contained. The most modern of devices about men, the most useful of systems developed through centuries by many cultures crumbled into obsolescence, many unable to qualify as museum pieces or records of a past civilization so devastating was collapse to nonuse.

It was the revolting, nauseous and wholly unbearable nature of obsolescence itself that drove me to more concerted concentration of the inherent possibilities within and finally to a point where I pressed the membrane separating man and God closer and closer to the Ultimate and indeed felt occasions when I had pierced the barrier sufficiently to more than look past. The first to raise himself by his own boot-straps I was thus able to see, hear, taste, feel and smell all things at all times. Through the combined use of these facilities I became all things at any time in any place. Thus endowed, being so, I became me.

II

I AM MALE. I wear standard male clothes. That is to say my clothes are exactly like the clothing of every other male. This morning fresh from the shower I stepped into a pair of shorts and drew them to their proper height while buttoning the lower button. I pulled over my head the standard sleeveless undershirt, tucked it under my shorts and buttoned the top two buttons. Men who are smarter than I am put the shirt on first and draw the shorts up over it. Note that now I probably have on all that propriety demands: shorts and shirt. Note that I have two layers of cloth about my waist, but only one layer about my legs and chest. Note that I have used three buttons or equivalent snap-ons. I have gone through nine separate motions to get into this state. And now notice that as I continue dressing I will merely be donning an elongated version of what I already wear.

I pull on my trousers, draw on, around and tuck down a dress shirt, making a total of four layers of cloth about my waist with only one layer on my arms and legs. The adjustment of trousers' front and belt after getting them on consumes in all eight separate motions. Then follows the folding of the cuffs and insertion of links, the placement and adjustment of armbands. The collar is next with buttons or equivalents front and back plus the necktie, a finicky kind of operation which allows males to primp and preen at their best.

At this point I have seven pockets. I have used thirteen buttons. I have gone through forty-one separate motions. I am at last ready to put a fifth layer of cloth about my waist in the form of a vest. It has four pockets on the outside with one secret pocket for supposedly secret purposes on the inside. This vest has five more buttons and requires six more body movements with possibly the adjustment of a strap and buckle arrangement in the back needing five more movements.

I am now ready for my suit, that is to say I am ready for the sixth layer of cloth about my waist. I am ready for three more but-

tons and four more pockets. This I accomplish with six body movements followed with a final adjustment of the ensemble which includes the insertion of a bill fold, watch and two handkerchiefs in four of the seventeen pockets now available to me. Straightening again the tie and collar in a total of sixty-seven movements, not including of course the shoes, socks and garters I had put on soon after my trousers were in place and with twelve exacting motions.

Note that I am now ready for the wars of survival as we know them . . . in short I am dressed. Note that I have on eleven separate garments or items. Note that these items have twenty-eight appurtenances. Note that only my legs are now covered with a single layer of cloth, that is my legs five inches above and five inches below my kneecaps. Notice that fourteen buttons have been used, two shoe laces, two cuff links, two armbands, one belt, one tie clasp, two collar buttons and one necktie, plus one zipper, two garters and seven button holes which are not really button holes but only imitations of them. For some unaccountable reason six of these false button holes have buttons but the seventh does not.

Obviously I am now neither scientifically, logically nor functionally and aesthetically dressed. And I have expended a quarter of a million movements in the thirty-six thousand times I have dressed myself these past forty years. Moreover the way out of this unfortunate tradition and profits bound dilemma is both obscure and difficult.

I begin by combining. A vest and shirt in one piece. A combine of these two with the undershirt. Then adding the coat or jacket for a four-in-one unit, the whole without pockets, armbands, cuff links, collars, buttons, collar buttons. I combine the trousers with the undershorts dropping in the process cuffs, one belt, three pockets and all buttons. I am seeking a single-piece affair with the necktie, the most useless of all useless apparel and yet the one object of greatest affection and most difficult to part with, being the last to go.

My first one-piece, all-occasion suit, not including stockings and shoes has no cuffs, collar, tie, belt, double thickness at any point, and only three pockets. The requirements of porosity, flexibility,

freedom of movement, warmth and low production costs plus functional styling necessitate considerable research with materials ending in the creation of woven paper, glass and tin textiles each made from the commonly wasted by-products of civilization: glass bottles, tin cans and waste paper of all sorts. Woven plastic, cellophane, cork, linoleum, and wood are also tried along with many natural reeds and fibers growing neglected and unused in great abundance throughout the world. Coupled with this search of mine for materials is the first study ever made of the engineering structure and design of the body and analysis of its movements and functions, the better to design the first garment ever conceived from these obvious viewpoints. Interestingly enough the ultimate suit is a coated or sprayed on type which is removed instantly by dissolving, with reapplication as frequently as desired. Any wanted thickness and color or combinations of color are of course possible. An intermediate or somewhat popular model of my design having built-in soles or shoes is dispensed from slot machines and is disposable in toilets.

Similarly I investigate wear spots on seats, elbows, garment edges subject to handling and wear. Methods of keeping materials perpetually clean and soil proof and permanently preserved are equally examined. It is while comparing the stylization potential of American made shoes with the ready functionalism of a Japanese sandal that I attack the weardown features of heels and toes and the wearout characteristic of leather soles. Side tracking the complaints of the highly organized shoe repair industry and the shoe and hide producers who are always pleased to have shoes deteriorate rapidly, I set up motion picture cameras of varying speeds on busy street corners in the first known attempt to learn how people walk and just what strains are produced, at what points and how to correct them either by a change of walking gait or by reshaping the footwear itself. Thus I make thousands of stress, strain and motion studies, I carefully investigate thousands of materials.

As the work goes on in this controlled and investigative manner I foresee that human skin can never be improved upon, might

under the right conditions be made to grow to suit better a given purpose. Thus by special vitamin injections into skin structures in the soles of human feet I develop there a heavier, tougher skin which takes all conditions of use without the need of additional protection or covering. The human foot for the first time in history is taken for what it already is, a thing of great beauty, great functionalism. Unadorned feet at last come into their own. The only problem is to teach people to use them so that their natural beauty can evince itself. The same is true of all body parts and coverings which I develop. Skin alone is superior, cannot be excelled. These exhaustive studies produce then ways and means of making and being the body beautiful: how to stand, sit, walk or run. More important how to supply, preserve and build it in natural conformity to its true self.

The effect of my work is to change radically whole segments of existing industry. Clothing as we know it today is no longer made; unemployed garment workers become teachers of the body beautiful. The once shoe manufacturers make devices of leather for rubbing and exercising the body. Cleaning and dyeing establishments, weaving and carding mills are taken over by huge new cosmetic industries now having an entire body to cover with oils, perfumes, paints and preparations of the trade once limited to heads and hands. In fact as the work advances the sprayed on coverings of my early design, the disposable one-piece suits, the shoes with high-heat treated spring steel soles, the suits with the wearout-proof seats and elbows, the master special that has no pockets but carries all necessary extras pinned on, the mothproof, fadeproof material whose weave and color design changes by simple exposure to ultra-violet light, these and a staggering number of innovations for clothes coming from my personal studio are made obsolete by the simple discovery that the human body without embellishment is superior to anything that can be prepared. The contribution of this great and thoroughly tested truth to the proper areas of the world's population who currently practice it in part, but need further experimental confirmation, is of course tremendous. It only remains now to see that this body is properly fed, rested, exercised and made disease proof.

III

CONSIDERING THE VAST array of problems that confronted me and those which I attacked because the odor of stagnation about them could hardly cause me to do otherwise, the theatre was by far the simplest to approach. I say the simplest because at the very outstart I had only to throw out everything that comprised it. And of everything that comprised it there was nothing more crust laden with dull tradition, artifice and plain rotting stupidity. By everything I mean the auditorium, the stage, the settings, the orchestra, the actors, the costumes, the dialogue, the lighting, the sounds, the ushers, the balconies, the tickets, the box office, the directors, the managers, the stage hands, the writers, the scripts, the curtains, the props, the stage effects, the backers, the angels, the producers, the entire everything in total, all there ever was. With the grand upheaval and discard went interpretations, themes, scores, criticisms, theories, definitions, concepts, ideas, texts and all other related matter. Thus completely liberated I was free to reconstruct the only plausible theatre, the one based on physics and called by me *scithe.*

On a flat, open space I inscribed a circle of sufficient diameter to accommodate twelve hundred swivel seats each capable of rotating a full 360 degrees and with sufficient space between each to allow occupants to rotate without touching one another, plus some additional footage to allow free and easy passage of all theatre goers and the performers or "feeders," as I now called them. These seats were mounted in the firmly packed yet resilient earth to form a huge spiral evoluting concentrically from the center of the circular space. These seats were both radiantly heated and lighted to temperatures and color ranges controlled from an unseen organ. These seats were in effect both stoves and lamps; any theatre goer so physically constituted as to resist the full emotional intensity of the spectacle to follow could be made to heat and light up like a glistening torch, while for the less inhibited viewers the swivel seats were but pulsators of ground level glows and light sequences

of the upcoming spectacle. It was characteristic of the light emanating from the seats, or pipes as they more properly were, that they more than brightened and warmed but also angered, frightened, carressed, soothed and bolstered, the combination of heat and light having qualities and variations of tones, now felt, rather than heard or seen. Moreover the heat and light could be spread continuously, intermittantly; spread in waves, sheets, in torrents, in arrow-like advances, directed, piercing, streaking under, over and about the audience at the will of the organist playing from a composed score for each presentation.

Since no one could enter my theatre, which as you will note has no gates, aisles, doors, walls or stage for I have not mentioned them, without bringing with him his own mask and costume chosen by him to represent his particular mood and contribution to that particular evening, the seated audience before the performance began was a breathtaking spectacle to behold for now the theatre goers were themselves the set, the stage, the play about to begin. As the curtain rose, that is to say, when the heat and light came on sectionally, individually, alternately, completely and then not at all in continuing pulse, rhythm and movement throughout the circular space and light shafts and sound beams began to cut the air vertically and angularly as the organist covered his keys in modulated, now frenzied zest like any other concert pianist, the feeders appeared, that is to say the performers who were actors, musicians, dancers, magicians, directors, speakers, singers, all in one, appeared at the particular section of the great circle through which they moved as the participants of theatre goers rotated in their chairs to follow them.

The entire circle of people under the manipulation of the feeders became a stewing pot of emotional brew, sound pierced, light struck and heat riddled with dialogue replaced by gesture and thought, with music replaced by feeling and spirit, with props replaced by the very theatre goers themselves. As the surrounding air space became electrified in this highly charged manner, individuals here and there under the total impact and proximity of a feeder (actor) passing perhaps on adjustable stilts, broke out in

solo chant, then in choral effects, with soloists cutting up under here and there and so subsiding only to break out in one whole group articulation much as the organist and feeder-actors desired in their prepared plan of the play in progress. Groans, shouts, cries, songs, belches, coughs, appeals arose from the stew causing further auto-suggestion, hypnotism, controlled violent response, shaking the participants, healing and releasing them as image after image in epic form is called up, put over and realized in this three dimensional theatre of idea, aspect, attitude, suggestion and the concrete wherein the extraordinary, the magic, spontaneous redirects ambitions, wills and urges; this spatial language which transforms the mind's version of happenings into events to be perceived, this world of absolute gesture free of written scripts, scored music, dated chorography, theatre noises and props which is the idea itself; this air of perspective in sound, color and movement undulating as a whole throughout the circle with meaning, content and validity.

Obviously this theatre of the spirit, for it was that and more, induced trances, orgiastic releases, mental flushings, emotional washing and other highly desirable internal cleansings which would clear men of hate, lust, greed and war if properly conducted throughout the world. On another level mental disorders of all kinds, physical, psychosomatic ailments were cured, making many forms of medicine and psychiatry unnecessary. Such reported and authenticated observations by competent observers made upon regular attendants to my theatre were of course outside my providence and indeed that of the theatre itself whose first and only objective was to bring people out of themselves and face to face with the reality which was and most certainly out of the stagnation and boredom that engulfed them, i. e., make pure theatre.

As I became more skilled in the composition of spatial scores I added occasional forms of hierographic import, tall masks of suggestion and designed statues which were really devices of hallucination, musical instruments and works or objects of tribal worship, gigantic fetishes and symbols of luck, taxation or death. These devices were employed only with great discretion as the magnitude of the productions enlarged to meet the public demands that even-

tually obliged me, among other things, to increase the size of the circle, though by preference I had held it to the less than twelve hundred seat capacity. Thus it was that I later succumbed to the repeated howls of the now defunct theatre industry and show business that certainly some kind of stage must evidently be had and so erected at the true center of the circle where the spiral began a small raised space from whose center rose a single mast supported by guys that held an upward rising spiral runway opened and spread out like a leaf at certain levels as it rose to permit the feeders better grip upon the moods of the spectators below and the better to carry the continuous flow of sound, movement and thought throughout the circle.

It was clearly evident to me, however, that the closely knit quality which I had initially desired to achieve was somewhat lost by this aerial quality of coordination, though it also had many features notable for further experiment and retention in part or in full as research continued. The latter work led me to devise a conical pit or inverted cone in the earth, terracing its walls but slightly for the swivel seats placed for passage and turning on all sides and rising spirally from the center from which also rose the supporting mast of the spirally rising and rotating feeder levels for thought transference and idea imparting. As a subsequent concession to the weather I allowed the single masthead to also support a conical roll of aluminum foil cut by plastic lightlocks and air-conditioning directors, until I subsequently eliminated these by manufacturing weather or more correctly making simulated atmospheres which also became part of the spectacle. Approaches to the theatre were marked by the dancing waters device of the German named Brzytawik, the light systems of the Viennese named Planer, the light organs of the Dane Wilfrid coupled with the creations of development found in *sciarch* of my own devisement. Indeed all of these eventually found use directly or in modified adaptation in researches that followed.

IV

A WHOLE SERIES of constructed forms adaptable to work and living resulted because in my concentrated effort to reform and redirect the development of architecture I, (1) burned all existing journals, texts and monographs on the subject, (2) shot all living architects, and (3) combined architecture with physics. Early research brought pedestrians off street sidewalks onto garden and parkway paths atop roofs of present city buildings interconnected by bridgeways. The present type buildings now lining four sides of a city block were also compacted into a single, round pyramiding structure at the center of each block with exterior, spiraling-walkup passages through sufficient floors to contain all of the inhabitants of the prior formation. Residual areas were profusely landscaped into parks. Belts moving at express speeds carried pedestrians erect from place to place. Fans and solar ventilators forced smogs and fumes skyward; windowless buildings better aided internal air conditioning and lighting. Reflecting surfaces converted sun energy to electricity for heating and cooling; matte-black areas collected the sun's heat. Rooms without corners, shell type dwellings readapted from eggs, the shapes and habitats of crustaceans, insects and worms followed. Likewise utility modules combining household functions into one standard unit.

As the dangers of living and working both on the surface of the ground and above it increased due to vehicles, combustion gases, radioactive fallout, overcrowding and miscellaneous accidents arising from the mechanistic nature of the culture, I burrowed underground, constructing residences, stores and factories whose offal while still rising upward through appropriate chimneys, had less tendency to kill me and my followers as we breathed and slept.

The "ground house" was the first innovation in this direction. It began on the side of a large square plot with a slowly declining and concentrically spiraling walkway with sloping, concrete-lined walls, flagstone and concrete floor corrugated slightly to prevent slipping, for the trench, as you might call it, was open to the sky. Thus one

walked erect slowly down and around until the ground surface was well twenty feet above him before entering the main house itself, deep within the center of the plot. Not a cave, not a room, not a depressing damp hideaway but a pleasant, round dry space having natural light and the fresh uncontaminated winds off the ground face above seeping through an opening under the dish shaped roof whose spreading round form caught the rains, rotated with the winds, concentrated the sun's rays thereby performing all of the interior's needs for heating, cooling, lighting, drying, washing, cooking, and other uses.

That every house should be a self contained, living organism free of all adjacent organisms and living directly off the environment of natural air, light, wind, rain and soil like any flower of the field was of course a principle I had long believed in and which life among most of the cultures had convinced me must inevitably follow. Was it not true that no man could live unto himself, express himself, be himself if everyday's duration was dependent on the plumber, the gas man, the electrician, the grocer, the busman, the tailor, the automobile, this thing, this device, this gadget. Where the element collecting roof corresponded to the element absorbing faces of a leaf open to the sky, the life below followed in natural sequence the natural variations in nature above; were in fact directly dependent upon it and contrary to all prior opinions was not only wholly adequate, but more healthful, stress free and neurosis less than any dwelling conceived by man. A large part of this result was attributed directly to the fact that within the enclosure there was an absolute minimum of things to do and be with.

When one slept he did not require the multiple artifices of sheets, pillows, pillow cases, inner springs, mattresses, box frames, beds, end pieces and over drapes comprising present bedrooms, but merely the relaxed sufficiency at whatever he might be engaged upon to sleep erect, sitting or reclining or in whatever condition or position he might find himself and certainly with no more aids than a woven mat, either under or over him as the controlled temperatures about him indicated. Further, the presently accepted home work-shop with its unending demands and things were re-

duced to the simple cutting edge and pounding stone. The children's room with untold devices, decorations and furnitures was reduced to a plain, bare enclosure with an assortment of natural ingredients like sand, clay and wood from which the child fashioned his own devices as a part of his amusement and edification. The kitchen, particularly the modern type, a kind of sanitary factory and machine reduced under the impact of automation to complexity of complexes becomes a simple heat source, the sun, self preparing foods for consumption without all the extras of condiments, spreads, preparations which are taste devisers having no food content per se.

This concept of man inside his shelter, man approaching, man leaving an enriched person, equally alive, senses vibrating, in emitting, receiving, responding, reaching aliveness could well stem from a sheltering roof alternately heating, cooling, supplying hot and cold water, consuming its own wastes, always with the right condensates from the winds and rains, perpetually renewing itself, growing, breathing, blooming, fading like a flower with the seasons. In fact a logical extension would be quite simply the second innovation called "plant house" expanding to "leaf house," "tree house," "cacti house" wherein man modeled his shelter directly from the plant form and as in the case of cacti equipped the structure with tentacles or feelers which receive heat, light, electricity, voice, radio and television energies direct from the various rays and wave forms impinging upon them. (Note, praise be, no wires of any description are seen feeding into the plant from the outside via gruesome overhead wires and poles. Note also that such normally undergound feeders as gas, water, sewerage, power are also absent. Note, too, all topside areas are landscaped; no vacant and unsightly spots.) In the case of the leaf house there is the supporting stock or main root rising above the earth with stem or leaf forms projecting from it at intervals. The top of the leaves become vast play and roof collecting areas, the leaves themselves the homes, offices, factories, and simultaneously the shading and cooling shapes for the leaf-houses below.

A "chalice" or cone-shaped, cellular aggregation also defines a ground conditioned garden sheltered from direct sun radiation. Small residential units and large spaces for commercial and communal life open onto this garden for a full 360 degrees of sky. The funnel shaped interior, a water reservoir, black-lined, traps the sun rays, creating a heated atmosphere which on moving upward turns a turbine placed at the funnel's neck, furnishing power. The hot water has domestic uses. Rising out of damp and misty ground atmospheres of tropical and sub-tropical plains a fascia structure or "open hand" shaped to contain an oriented black-lined surface holding water and topped by a chimney, conveys hot air onto a turbine for power generation, the whole containing in its cellular pattern residential and commercial dwellings at different levels. Black magnesium bars exposed alternately to sun and cold water produce rotatory movements transformable to electric power when mounted on an inclined trapazoidal shaped residential and communal aggregation of units. Parabolic rotating mirrors supported on the upper rim of a double concentric cylindrical structure with inner membranes at different levels give domestic power for the community of dwellings within the perforated walls of the volume. Gardens comprise the ground level. Graded pyramids, providing dwellings for the cultural and hygienic needs of a community support a system of large basins whose rims have parabolical, horizontal profiles over which metallic, reflecting emulsions flow to the basin below. A focal serpentine collects the heat into thermo-turbines for the production of electric power. In tropical countries a series of parabolic, specular surfaces sustained by residential and public utility "baskets" concentrate infra-red energy on black spheres generating thermo-electric power for domestic uses and ground conditioning. Such structures protect extensive shadows on the ground below, allowing for gardening and open-air living under extreme heats. Where canyons prevail in the tropics, two inclined and reciprocally supporting structures follow the site's topography, enclosing and sheltering parks and play grounds. The dwellings overlook these and the open country, while different types of solar potential, integrate the community along the changing landscape.

In hilly and windy country, hilltops are crowned with a gigantic bowl or "tornado" form. A sustaining spur converging to the center, concentrates there the many directional winds generating electro-domestic energy on turbines. Within the quiet and sheltered volume of the bowl and woven in its structure are dwellings, work areas and play grounds, gardens and community cultural and hygienic facilities. The concentric tunnels give shelter and in their more open part, room for industrial and farming processes as well as residential requirements. A concavity of the ground accentuated by a residential rim, covered by a partially rotating, dome-like, transparent structure also utilizes winds in rotating the turbine-like part of the dome to produce electrical energy for conditioning the inside grounds, maintained as a park, and the adjacent habitations. Where winds sweep high flat mesas, a sequence of pseudo-conical structures with horizontal axes form a continuous belt of traps with turbine generators placed at the narrow end of each conical form. Living needs are developed on the upper frame, while on the sheltered ground portions, gardens and work space are built. Where winds sweep flat lands, depressions can be molded along small streams with pseudo-conical buildings erected on the proper side to concentrate the prevailing winds into generators of power. Living quarters, sheltered and overlooking the plain, are woven into these constructed forms. Gardens and orchards are cultivated in the low and protected grounds, while work and family needs are found in the more open part of the conical arrangement. Likewise gentle slopes in cold and windy climates are contoured to provide coves for locating bowl-like organisms sheltered by a transparent dome structure which incorporates a horizontal turbine-shaped, rotating generator. Living needs are located around and inside the organism amidst trees and meadows.

An arrangement resembling a lotus and having either residential or processing plants sheltered inside is adaptable to areas with sizeable tides. Anchored to the sea bottom and having a perimetrical reservoir at the proper level, the building rises and falls as the reservoir empties or fills with the tides operating a turbine. Built in a series, the organisms form a bridge on the water for intra-land

communications and exchanges. In mountain countries, various types of structural dams and bridges simultaneously create dwelling and working facilities for a normal or specialized community in surroundings of great beauty. In river countries the opposite wings of a residential and farming community meet each other and plunge on the axis of a river from which they extract hydro-electrical energy. The system works as a bridge on the river. Where the slopes of an eroded mountain are horizontally cut with canals collecting water from rain and snow, a manufact of the canals is used as dwellings, green houses, farm utilities, processing plants, with hydro-electric plants, cultural and hygienic facilities grouped around artificial water basins.

Bridges, dams, stadiums, reservoirs, cathedrals and other massive edifices and piles offer special utility first for their intended function then as highways, highway supports and sheltered accommodations of diversified character. Terraced dwellings are erected above highways with offices and workshops below. The anchors, piers and abutments are particularly useful for accommodations, gardens, look-out parks and viewpoints.

Basic natural phenomena in the free state offer further potential. With light I built a church. Its walls pierced the night in a film of brilliance. The tower vibrated throughout its height as a stringed instrument emitting tones of color. My church was a beacon, a memorial, a place engendering faith through worship: site of the largest color-light organ I had conceived in my science of *scimus*. With wind I built a house. Transparent, it restricted no views, passing sunlight freely in all directions. Insulated, it retained its own temperatures. It was snow and rain proof: repellent to insects and animals. A logical haven of human life in which black floors and aluminum curtains converted sun energy to electricity for heating, cooking and cooling. With darkness I made walls. Colors I used for partitions. Foils shaped the lattices. With sound I made controls, directors and communications. I was the first to utilize ether compressed, moulded or shaped as desired. I treated, cooked, poisoned; I repelled, restored, healed and cured with colored light. Water comprised my playing yard. Letting it drop in columns, sheets and

walls I enclosed areas for habitation, work and play. Forcing it upward in similar forms I made other constructions. Heat vibrations and gas streams were equally useful in building. Mountain tops, glass covered, collected sun; the converted energy drove the turbines of my cities. I devised methods for commercial cooking, heating, cooling and locomotion from sunlight, from wind, from rising and falling tides. When the world's supply of wood, coal, oil and fissionable materials are exhausted my techniques will save mankind.

V

ART HAS BEEN NEGLECTED: nothing has happened in the field for centuries.

Worked flat onto flat surfaces and hung flat against flat walls in flat rooms painting is especially decadent.

Sculpture, too, has died and music is showing only faint possibilities of renaissance. (Nothing more could hardly be expected with creators and audiences alike no longer able to see, feel, or hear.)

These endeavors were, then, wide open for my kind of exploitation.

"Get the subject off the canvas out into the air," I said.

"Reverse perspective."

"Discard frames."

"Let the matter crawl around on the wall."

"Kick in the wall and let the stuff stand alone."

These and other passwords were common with me in the attack upon painting. Where early Christian painters unwittingly depicted angel-riding clouds projecting forward over pastoral or group scenes below, I made good on my first admonition to groping artists by literally getting everything out front. Having it there, the total reverse of miles-receding perspective, I devised means of having first the frame included as a part of the forward bearing element, then having the frame carry additional projecting sections and finally letting it disappear entirely while the subject came out

over the wall in all directions. Having it that far out I felt no desire to arrest the motion and let matter come out into the room, into the lap of the onlooker. With no need of a supporting wall the depicted matter, reinforced and transparent, became first a screen, a partition, room furniture, then a freestanding frieze, a piece de resistance, the new sculpture, or rather a new sculpture for I was to devise many.

Innovations progressing to these stages were equally noteworthy. A flat surface, a rectangular shape, a colored mat, any mat at all, a frame. Bah! Plft! Obsolete!

Concave surfaces, convex surfaces, nonrectilinear shapes, transparent mats, ether mats, space mats, edge frames, framed two sides only, one side, no side at all.

Variation and what variations. Varying variants. Combinations. Combined combinations. Multiple combined variations. To no end. Asymptotically all.

When the supporting ground was convex the painting surface was either corrugated or concave. When the concave base was tried the painting area stood free of it or left it completely. With corrugated round, painting was done directly on it the better to allow the view being seen from all directions equally in the room. With corrugated triangular, a total of three paintings in one were made possible: one to be viewed at forty-five degrees right, one straight on and one forty-five degrees left.

This treatment led to involved and intricate constructions of many types before ever the painting began. Shadow boxes of the wall type, boxed picture areas were but preliminary to constructed forms where the area to be painted was not seen by the onlooker, only its image came upward and forward by mirror reflection onto prepared areas. Self contained projectors and screen followed. All luminous free-form shapes of glassine, floating plastic bulbs, form both receding and recessed, projecting and jutting forward, free shapes with combinations of convex, concave and plain surfaces. Special hanging attachments were designed for the back to allow space between the wall, if any, and the picture form to further promote where necessary the allusion of the forward advance. Reverse

treatments allowed the same form to appear so in one room and to be projecting into the next. By making the matter transparent I produced separate views for different directions. Often the borderline between painting and sculpture was obscured in these experiments; often a new concept of sculpture emerged as frequently as did a new treatment for painting.

In these processes the standard subject matter from nature, from life, from a fused imagination of both gave away to interpretations from science as the constructed forms themselves became more scientific and mathematical. The entire advance of science to that time offered unlimited and unexplored vistas to beauty. Physics was particularly fruitful; biology, botany, geology, mathematics each contributed. Working with light, metallurgy, hydrostatics and art I founded *sciart* the future of art. Experimenting with sound, quantum mechanics, electronics and music I founded *scimus* the future of music. (*Sciarch* had already followed from architecture and physics; *scilit* and *scipoe* from literature, poetry and physics. See Appendix.)

A revolution in methods and techniques of art expression followed these departures from common form and subject matter; new color spectrums, new chemical aids, new base preparing and coating solutions, new devices for application, new treatments in drying, surfacing and preserving.

Near dementia engulfed me, exhaustion and debility ensued with intermittent periods of lightning and high intensity creation in which it was impossible to even make notes of all the new heretofore unrealized developments for art.

Other artists were not excluded from this new order for creators. By the simple dictum of requiring no two postage stamps could be alike I put three million artists to work in forty-eight countries. With a rider on a United Nations bill to fumigate Kusai I instituted severe penalties for selling or affixing stamps without paying a royalty to the creators. Similarly no wall paper could be hung without the designer being paid to be present, no curtain could be valanced, no textile could be shaped or sewn without the artist's heirs, assigns or representatives getting their just cut. Likewise, no

greeting cards, calendars, trade-marks, gift wrappers; no ads, posters, photographs, illustrations, wood-cuts, engravings; no folios, frontispieces, medallions, coins, statues, busts, memorials; no structures, graph plots, blueprints, schematics, charts, plans; no activity involving so much as a single iota of artistic, aesthetic or creative energy could be released, utilized, sold, bartered or exchanged without monetary acknowledgment to the source. Unionization was carried to such extremes with such force that there could be no gardens without sculpture, no walls without murals, no lawns without certified landscaping.

For the first time in history, all artists were rolling in dough. Creation was everywhere rampant, the field was attracting continual fresh talent, experimentation along the lines I had indicated blossomed in many quarters with art in all its forms at last emerging from the doldrums that had stifled it for centuries. Art was everywhere. Sidewalks were surfaced in mosaic, candies became joyous creations, windows glowed with color fragments, roof-tops bristled harmoniously, rooms extended the personality of their occupants. Horticulturists, decorators, designers, sculptors, muralists, painters, engravers came into their own. Even the cinema became at last an art form.

In this rush to give every creator his long neglected respect I locked sculptures in glass-plated solariums and allowed free admission from eight to one; founded universities granting degrees like CO (creator in oil), CC (creator in color), etc., affixing an E for experts and fellows of the master institute bearing my name. ECW (professional word creator), ECL (professional light creator) were common degrees. New types of professions arose as fast as others like picture framers, blacksmiths and carriage makers became unnecessary.

As abundant work and luxury continued, Cadillacs and hand-tailored clothes plus rich foods took over until creation per se stopped and artists walked out on me. It was at this crucial juncture and with international affairs fermenting to the point of total annihilation that I substituted creators for legislators, congressmen, politicians and statesmen. The artists now fed and clothed, saved the world.

VI

EARLY IN THE ATTACK on man's food, its supply, preparation and use for maximum health, a whole series of innovations were immediately developed and as promptly abandoned.

Some of these included food injected intravenously. Others demonstrated advantages for food in pill and capsule form. The introduction of food into the body system via aroma and the nose, its penetration through the skin via light. Dissolving it completely in liquids to reduce all eating to a drinking process. Procedures for making food necessary only weekly or bimonthly in contrast to the current three times a day routine. The list with related techniques and technical notes constituted a sizeable file at the time of rejection.

The reason for halting the work lies in the readily overlooked fact that the bulk of the world's people do not have food. Moreover, those who did either had it in deficiency or treated it with such disrespect in preparation that they rarely derived full health value. Further study showed as in the manner of clothing himself, compared with his other contributions, man not only knew relatively little about feeding himself but had remained in this ignorance without doing anything about it for centuries. Thus the problem was not so much as devising new foods and new ways of eating to compensate for the changing times in which men lived but quite simply to provide all people with an abundance of health giving foods.

Redirected to the core of the problem confronting me, I simultaneously began growing food plants in air, in water, in light without soil, while at the same time devising methods of preparing soils cheaply for enriched and faster growing. Radioactive atmospheres, modified light areas, chemically treated air spaces were all investigated intensively, with satisfactory results for anyone in a position to duplicate the research.

The problem still remained: how all people in all parts of the world might have rich food abundantly. Again, "what was nature's

intention?", an often repeated question and prompter germaine to all of my investigations. Certainly it was not that food should be ninety-nine percent cooked, then frozen to be thawed out later for rewarming prior to eating. Nor was it necessarily meant to be precooked and eaten cold. *It was meant to be eaten in its natural state.* It was further intended that food of opposing flavors should be combined to compliment one another, tastewise, nutriment wise and appearance wise. But these are only approaches or near approximations of the basic intent of natural abundance and life-giving richness for all peoples. Before that premise the arts of the gourmets pale, all devisements of preparation, preserving, coloring, cooking and conditioning collapse. The intention is simply: take no thought for what ye shall eat—it is now and everywhere about, as is, as intended, as wanted. So gather it, then, eat and rejoice.

To effect such a simple truism in this over-complex culture I merely "socialized" the food industry by removing all profits and dispensing with all middlemen serving as inspectors, graders, processors, packagers, distributors, advertisers, wholesalers, warehousemen, retailers and the entire pack of parasites taking their unjust percentages of the total food markup. The food industry belongs to the people. Fish, fruit, dairy, meat, vegetables, poultry, bakery and all other food producers were made to deal directly with the consumer at the point of production and at branch outlets of such points served by said producers. Elaborate and hence costly packaging, processing, canning, freezing, precooking and all related treatments including advertising were wholly abolished. All foods were fresh made, produced fresh and freshly consumed in their simple, elemental state. Present farm surpluses were available to all and sundry at cost and to the point of total consumption either as food or as industrial products like synthetic rubber and wood, after which no more were ever permitted to exist or build up. Government price subsidy, purchase and storage were also eliminated, with food producers obliged to operate on the same supply and demand basis as any other business. Advanced research methods, mechanization and automation were introduced to insure maximum yields in the shortest time at the lowest costs. Small producers were swallowed

up by huge master combines, owned jointly by the consumers and producers, the whole geared to produce with lowest possible selling price direct to the public via its own distributing and selling co-operatives.

As master dietitian I determined what diet items gave the greatest longevity with the soundest body and alertest mind. All items not effecting such results were simply no longer produced or made available. All luxury items, fancy foods, food decoratives, preservatives, additives, taste and appearance features were eliminated. Pastes, sauces, gravies, condiments and the like were passé. Pasteurization, homogenization, vitamin supplements, packaging, freezing and treatment in any form were abandoned to allow natural food to exist and be consumed in a natural form. Simple, unadulterated and uncooked, basic food, available equally to all at near cost was my motto. And on a day to day basis, with no storage, decay or waste.

These advanced methods of production and service were transplanted overseas via my international agency geared to transport and distribute surpluses wherever they might occur in the world and to introduce similar methods for similar ends among the world's people.

VII

HYPERTENSION, MY OWN and other peoples, worried me considerably because fully half of the world's ills could be attributed to it. No one could make a clear decision, act effectively, or even so much as get along with either himself or his fellow men.

How to calm, quiet and put at ease?

Toothpicks, gum, cigarettes, coins, rings, fingers, purses, pens, pencils, wrist watches and similar trinkets of all types are but a small part of the innumerable things which seemingly have to be played with in order to effect some measure of counterbalance to the seething energies within, to drain them off and make way for a more coordinated and rational flow.

The problem was to provide one single device which would produce the equivalent of all of them or any of them and at the same time admit of good design, taste, size and above all that monetary profit without which nothing succeeds in this culture.

Sensory feeling, the more sensory, the more feeling, the better, was obviously the clue for departure. Activity, continuous activity was the second prerequisite. Delight, the third. Soft doing, the final.

Molding clay by the bedside, as in a time and place for feeling, working, remoulding and feeling again, gave way to the same but less pliable form, the "feelie," a sculptured mass already formed and worked to give the utmost in delight; smooth, curved, rounded, moulded, changing, when carressed and felt. Colored clays, of course, then pieces of foam rubber or more correctly maleable or kneadable rubber and plastic compounds owing to their obvious cleanliness over clays were also well suited to bedside use and even manipulation at the table and in the sitting room or library when there would otherwise be the desire for smoking, drinking and other undesirable habit needing correction or breaking completely.

Maleable form, changeable at will and ever changing with pressure, mood and feeling. This was an ideal inducer of serenity resulting from many researches and well beyond the more rigid forms, Do-Das[3], toys for adults, which effected tranquility through parts motivated by the palm and fingers. Where "do-das" comfortably replaced all of the four hundred items, for example devised by a New York store (Sleep, Inc.) to induce sleep, the "mallies" were superior to the "feelies" and when coupled with natural dietary and natural living procedures within the natural environments envisioned earlier brought about the proper relaxation and rest for any subject.

VIII

"ARE AUTOMOBILES NECESSARY?"

With this question as a springboard I shall expose what is unquestionably the greatest single destructive force in our enlightened

3. See *Art Techniques*. Berkeley: The Gillick Press, 1947 for a photograph of several types designed at Schillerhaus, 1947-1950.

culture. Moreover I will call attention to one of the most aesthetically hideous, technically unreasonable, the most scientifically inefficient, the most thoroughly ineffectual single device of our mechanistic civilization. I repeat, I will be referring to the American passenger car.

In the fraction of a minute I have been writing this section four people have lost their lives, seven people have been maimed for life, twenty-two people have been injured seriously, sixty-one people have gotten off with minor bruises, aches and pains. 4 people, plus 7 people, plus 22 people, plus 61 people equals 94 people dead or hurt, one of them perhaps your friend or relative or perhaps mine. Now the device that accomplished all this in a fraction of a minute weighed between one and a half and four tons, was travelling between 55 and 105 miles per hour, was powered by the equivalent of 190 to 290 panting horses and occupied as much as 1200 cubic or 220 square feet.

Is there anyone who can tell me why any automotive carrier other than trucks should weigh between 1½ and 4 tons? Is there any justification whatsoever for any automotive carrier but a firetruck and an ambulance to travel more than thirty-five miles per hour? Is there anyone who personally knows of a road, incline or any carrier situation except that prevailing for trucks which requires engines equal to 190 to 290 pushing, pulling, panting horses? Is there anyone hereabouts who can justify the use of 1200 cu. ft. when the person driving occupies between them no more than eleven cubic feet?

And while I am in this questioning mood may I inquire why with congestion, street traffic and parking an admittedly major problem are passenger automobiles made longer and wider each year? Some models go to 20 feet long and 10 feet wide. A sitting person covers a space two feet long and a foot and a half wide. Is it not obvious that as thousands of more cars are produced every minute the bulk of congestion, traffic and parking problems could be eased by cars of smaller not larger dimensions? . . . that less death and less injury from automobiles can come from lighter weights, slower speeds, less power? . . . that engine governors would

automatically prohibit any car but fire trucks and ambulances from going over 35 miles per hour? . . . that it is superfluous to build cars for cruising when there is no place to cruise? . . . even sillier to build them to go 110 miles per hour when there are no stretches left in which to attain these speeds for more than a minute at a time . . . that engine powers over 80 horses are unnecessary for all but trucks . . . that weights over 750 pounds are also unnecessary . . . that engines should consume one gallon per every fifty miles instead of the present 9 to 18 miles per gallon . . . that fenders, sides could be made practically bend and dent proof save under the severest conditions . . . that cars could be made collision proof from any angle . . . that cars made now for actual attention free life of 4 to 9 months could be made to last a lifetime . . . that there is no reason why the inside of a car should be an exact replica of the living room . . . that a car brings out all the selfish, possessive, proud, fear and antisocial aspects of their owners . . . that with no place to go at 110 miles per hour and no place to park the car upon arrival makes the automobile really just another bauble fast approaching a point of even less usefulness, excepting its major role in nose and throat ailments via air pollution, its use or effect upon cleaning conditions and dirt-free living to say nothing of its use as an end to voluntary suicide.

In this work I have endeavored to portray certain aspects of a foreseeable future development arising from my thinking as a consulting physicist. At this point I might mention a few more such random innovations of my own devising. I have already mentioned the obvious use of engine governors on automobiles that make speeds over 35 miles per hour impossible. Further in this connection I direct attention to the bat, a fabulous winged creature who can fly at great speeds between the spokes of a rotating wheel without harming himself, even fly between the spokes of two wheels each rotating in opposite directions. How? The bat is equipped with a miniature wave sending and receiving or radar set that warns it of the proximity of objects stationary or moving and literally directs it away from them. Such equipment on a car could be made to pass control directly from the driver to the mechanism which shuts off the motor, applies graduated braking automatically and effects a

steering which prohibits contact with anything passing within a distance of three feet. If for some reason contact should occur under the momentum of the original 35 miles per hour speed I am advocating then sides, ends and fenders can be made bend, dent and crumble proof and even scar proof without contributing greatly to the total weight. In short, if we are intent upon engaging in the death game on a grand scale and spending such sums for repairs as the 300 million spent in California last year, there are means available for effecting some reduction.

But frankly these are only bad makeshifts for an already functionally bad device. If a passenger car is a means of getting the body from one place to another, and please take note that it is more often a primary device for exhibiting one's private means, a device for extending one's urges for supremacy, power, speed, strength and general right away over everyone and everything else ... I say if it is still intended to transport bodies then better to discard it completely. In its place let us go around in electric-driven chairs or slip on a pair of atom-powered roller skates and in a normal erect standing position go rolling along the highways. Paying three thousand dollars for an oversized death trap that should be available at $600, oiling it, parking it, greasing it, washing it, insuring it, polishing it, gassing it up, cleaning the inside, checking its tires, keeping it in water, keeping it in repair, keeping its accessories up to date, checking its battery, having water added, keeping a spare, having the spare's air pressure up, changing tires, to say nothing of keeping up the payments and renewing the licenses, both car's and driver's, appear off hand to be a frustrating way to frustrate one's life. Why not simplify things by admitting the folly of going places per se under prevailing conditions and adjust to an evoluting sensory process wherein one can mentally transport himself anywhere at any time for any purpose without so much as moving.

As matters stand now we have taken the living room outdoors and put wheels under it, adding in the process a super abundance of good old American gadgetry of which there just is no equivalent ... car radios, heaters, ash trays, cigarette lighters, floor rugs, foot

lights, window wipers, television sets, et cetera. Of course all of this is just a duplication of the ease, stagnation and minimal existence of the living room, that is to say no noise, no knock, no carbon deposit, no back fire, no steering, no gear changing, no thinking, nothing but TV, radio, indigestion, decaying teeth, ulcers, more death. And the area occupied by the person dying, maimed or driving is about one two hundredth part of the total volume of bulbous metal, glass and chrome of the car itself which is required to move in strictly limited, minimal space on roads, streets, parking lots and garages. Moreover this device to obtain the greatest possible sale must be made in the best tradition of mass pressing, chrome ribbed and decorated to meaningless and aesthetically foul decoration with hideous grills, light accessories and bumper forms both archaic and grotesque with every part devoid of function, beauty or grace. The whole is a moveable junk heap, American style, of which there is no equivalent anywhere... technically superior, technically low or on any plane you wish to judge it. It is a catagorical fact that the taste of the American people is confined solely to their mouths. And as proof thereof look at the present crop of automobiles . . . the color, the color division areas, the side forms, the decorations in chrome, the five foot doors that cannot be fully opened, the broken up and uneven floors, the insignia spotted about the car, the gymnastics of entering and leaving, the use of materials, the total impact of snobbery, the lack of functional grace and utilitarian line, the sheer junk quality auguring breakdown, the attempts at styling old hat in six months. Only the Rolls-Royce—provided the makers could be induced to knock a something or other off the radiator top—and it is a radiator, not a tooth ribbed, lip enveloped sex symbol—can be said to approach anything near an aesthetic and technical concept to which I have been alluding.

If at this point I have not wholly dispensed with the American passenger car on technical, functional and grounds of intrinsic hazards, then I here now do so on aesthetic grounds alone. I suppose it is acceptable to exhibit one's deranged neurosis, disordered mind and foul taste in the privacy of one's own closet, but to do so on a public street at the risk of taking and losing life is really quite another matter.

I am reminded again of travels to cultures where inhabitants roam the world without moving, of cultures where the one imported automobile is owned by the community and cannot move until every square inch of attachable area is covered by upwards to twenty people. I am reminded, too, of so called civilized cultures where selfishness, haughty show off, over emphasized privacy, superiority, founded on the intrinsically artificial and basically unsound, on the overwhelming singleness of purpose toward personal death that defines an unexplainable factor which points to a refusal to know or do any different.

Pity, then, only yourselves in your own stew. As for me, I've left.

June 1954—June 1959

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APPENDIX

SCIARCH :

AIR DIRECTED UNDER pressure in moving columns, sheets and walls define and enclose areas. Transparent, such constrictions restrict no views, passing sunlight freely in all directions. Insulated, it retains its own temperatures, excluding all others. It is snow and rain proof: repellent to insects and animals. The air may be heated for winter, cooled for summer, or colored for privacy.

Light, natural and colored, projected in columns, sheets and walls define and enclose areas. Transparent and semi-opaque such constrictions restrict views, allowing free passage in all directions. Ultraviolet and other radiation types provide treating, cooking, vitamin forming, restoring, healing and curing interiors.

Heat projected in columns, sheets and walls define and enclose areas. Treating effects common to light are also available.

Water dropping can make walls, columns and sheets just as water projected upward in columns, sheets and walls enclose areas. Special purpose interiors follow.

Ethers, gases, compressed and ejected; natural, colored, mixed and seeded in air offer potential in walling and sectioning. Unusual features are feasible.

Sound vibrations, diffused and concentrated, comprise interesting psychological partitions and extra effects.

Sun provides heating, cooling, lighting, drying, washing, cooking and locomotion power; can be projected like light into screens, partitions, walls and special results.

Wind can also be harnessed to produce equivalent effects.

Tide, its changing levels, provides power generation and floating pressures for interesting manufacts.

Unusual sites such as mountain slopes for sun collectors, mesas for cities, lakes for floating structures, gorges and canyons for bridge-dam-dwelling combinations can be utilized. Bridges, dams, stadiums, reservoirs, cathedrals and other massive edifices and piles offer special use first for their intended function then as highways,

highway supports and sheltered accommodations of diversified character. Terraced dwellings are erected above highways with offices and workshops below. The anchors, piers and abutments are particularly useful for accommodations, gardens, look-out parks and view points.

the union of science and architecture
1947-1959

SCIART : SCIDRA : SCIPAI

FINITE WORLDS of infinite reality and beauty revealed by the tools and discoveries of science are ripe for aesthetic development.

Of light, besides the commonly employed natural and artificial, there is the polarized, the radiating chemical, mineral and radio-active types along with x-ray, cosmic and nuclear-particle beams with all related electro-optical phenomena.

Of other vibrations, there are the natural, the mechanical oscillatory; resonant and supersonic sound; the entire frequency range of electrical and thermal waves.

Of movement there is mechanical and electrical accelerations to light speeds; nuclear, gravitational and magnetic interactions; the mechanics of flow and change in matter.

Of phenomena there is hysteresis, electrolysis, isotopy, relativity, entropy, et cetera, et cetera; of devices there is no end: cyclotrons, stroboscopes, cynometers, spectroscopes, cloud chambers, tonometers, diffraction gratings, x-ray tubes, electron miscroscopes, et cetera; likewise, phases of science as meterology, hydrostatics, crystallography, histology, aerodynamics, astro-physics, metallurgy, et cetera.

From such as these, their similar related effects, the manifold variants they suggest, stem the heretofore unrealized textures, patterns, forms, devices and techniques comprising *Sciart.*

The depiction of these individual materia by conventional methods forages new reality; greater advances are assured when they are expressed on non-rectilinear shapes having other than

plane surfaces and with media not normally employed in art.

Such combinations as photography and art (photograms), topography and portraiture (map blank-outs), photography and poetry (photo-poems), calculus and sculpture (math-forms), drawing and poetry (poemscopes, poster poems), biology and art (bone sculpture, painting) and aerial photography, geology, biology and painting (dyneton, amorphous, spiritism, non-rectilinear and abstract art) suggest the already fertile potential auguring continued exploitation.

the union of science and art
1939-1954

SCICOM : SCILIT : SCIPOE : SCIMUS

WITH THE ALPHABET a crude device, unrelated to sound, vision, meaning, reading and understanding; with the world's people in need of one language, physics can determine the mechanics of hearing, listening, registering and responding in the cases of vocalization, can determine the mechanics of seeing, reading, registering and responding in the case of written communications.

Included in the determination are which vocal sounds carry all aspects of hearing, listening, registering and responding to the fullest, most direct degree, what letters convey the quickest, complete message for response, what images or symbols convey a total message, visually, audibly for the intended response and from all peoples or races.

The result will be first the simplified alphabet, the abbreviated word which when put into groups that fit an eye space will provide a break between jumps and an equal number of jumps per line. The second and alternate lines will be indented, and other patterns of line arrangement made to provide most direct responsive impression under all conditions of impact from page, screen and billboard.

There will follow a phonetic written language using visually efficient symbols, the symbols in turn to be a picture language or symbol and more correctly a scientifically devised design or letter

and figure shape having in all probability little or any relation to the present alphabet, figure and symbol shapes . . . a physical or physics tongue and sign so to speak, with certain symbols to denote whole passages of meaning in much the same manner that "57" can be taken to mean a whole range of canned products from Messrs. Heinz of the current vogue.

Current limitations of the voice, ear and eye will be expanded and both letter and figure symbols will provide for responses from persons at varying speeds.

Included in a special department of the new expression technique is a subject matter truly scientific in source spring yet treated in a dramatic and axiomatic way as the current plot of characters and life situations. Equally, literature becomes not a matter of type images, transmitted sounds or film projections but a series of (a) light signals, flashes and fusions to the eye, (b) sound signals like shorts as dots, longs as dashes, to the ear, (c) or combinations of both, the latter being conveniently instilled in periods of sleep or rest.

the union of science and communication
the union of science and literature
1949-1959

SCIMUS : SCICOM : SCILIT : SCIPOE : SCITHE

SCIENTIFIC SUBJECT MATTER, techniques, materials, procedures and advances extend the field of music.

Subjects are cited under *Sciart* and themes from the progress of science abound.

Techniques utilized after making modifications common to *Scicom, Scilit, Scipoe* alter music radically while extensions of its vibrations both below and above the present hearing spectrum with heretofore unrealized devices and tone scales, many arising from the physics of electronics and its manifold advances, further change its nature and content.

Materials and devices follow from the perfection of new substances having tonal qualities; the development of tone-mixing, tone-regulating devices; the mixing of sound tones with colored gases, lights and water; the automatic production and control of heretofore unheard sounds, imitations and faithful reproductions of existing sounds; the projection of both types of sounds in directional beams, sheets and bulk in combination with heat, light, liquids and gases.

Procedures and advances stem from the scientific themes and methods developed and extend as experimentation in materials, construction, electronics and engineering proceed with studies on the mechanics of hearing supplementing the progress.

the union of science and music
1947-1959

SCIPOE : SCILIT : SCICOM : SCIMUS

PHYSICS PROJECTS POETRY beyond the typographical entrapment traditionally circumscribing it as a visually read experience.

Physics provides a method, principle, terminology, spirit and advance to be incorporated into poetics for enrichment and extension.

Enhancement is further possible with electronic recording in the pure word state by microphone, tape, record and loudspeaker for transmission to the ear.

There is extra word embellishment by music, vocal and instrumental, largely unfortunate, extraneous, or irrevalent, which should better be replaced by natural sound accompaniment in keeping with the words or mood.

There is projection of words by films and slides, with or without mood or moving illustrations, to the accompaniment of sound, producing an eye-ear reception.

There is the reduction of the reading or seen word to symbols; reduction of the spoken or heard word to symbols; the fusions of both being received as flashed images to the eye and sound signals

to the ear, with combinations creating a wholly sensory reaction exceeding in depth of response that found in music, hence *Scipoe.*

There is the wholly intravenous thought projection and reception between the poet and his audience, hence *Scipoe* extended.

There is the combination of poetry with photography (photo-poems), with other picture types (pic-poems, drawing-poems, art-poems), with games (game-poems), et cetera.

the union of science and poetry
the union of science and literature
1940-1956

SCISCU : SCIART

SCIENTIFIC SUBJECT MATTER, techniques, materials, procedures and advances extend the field of sculpture.

Subjects are cited under *Sciart.*

Techniques beyond conventional moulding and casting include brazing, welding, cementing, fusing, evacuating, polarizing, magnetizing, electrifying, anodizing, annealing, etching, electroplating and other processes common to physics.

Materials beyond conventional plaster, wood and metal include plastic, resin, gum, foil, masonite, bakelite, plasterboard, crystals, gems, minerals, ores and other substances common to chemistry.

Procedures and advances current in physics, chemistry, geology, biology and engineering can be scrutinized monthly for adaptations to sculpture.

Bringing sculpture up onto walls; out into and in contact with the environment of onlookers; making it also an object to be used: for easing hypertension, for sound and musical purposes, as screens, partitions and walls, a piece of furniture and combination thereof, a fireplace, the cooling and heating system; altering its concept to sociological conditions include the extended uses.

the union of science and sculpture
1946-1959

SCITHE : SCICOM : SCILIT : SCIPOE : SCIMUS : SCIART

NEW THEATRE FOLLOWS from the use of language, literature, poetry, music and art admixed with the principles of physics as described for *Scicom, Scilit, Scipoe, Scimus* and *Sciart.*

Scicom, Scilit, Scipoe add: vocal, instrumental and chorographic scripts; media for projection and communication.

Sciarch adds: open-air, seat pits, conical in shape with aerial center stage; open-air circular set seats with overhead rotating beam stage; square enclosures with performing balconies on the four inside walls; cyclindrical enclosures with an inside spiral performing stage; weather control for open-air performances; sound, heat, light, gas, liquid, key-operated organs.

Sciart adds: subjects for play, opera and dance development; motifs for masks, costumes, drops, properties, programs, billboards; a new dimension and atmosphere.

the union of science and theatre
1939-1959

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